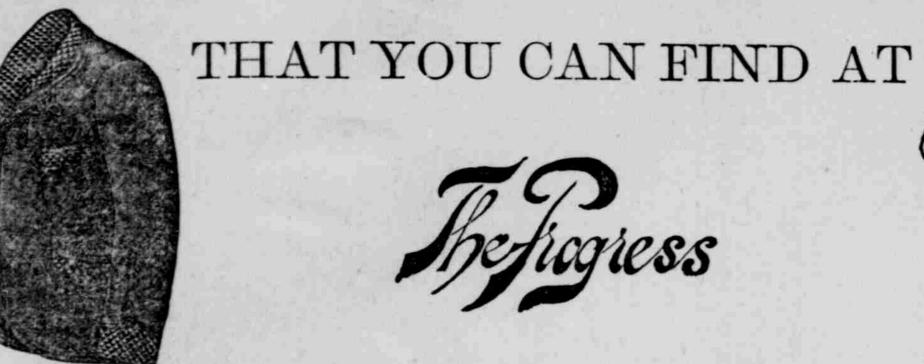
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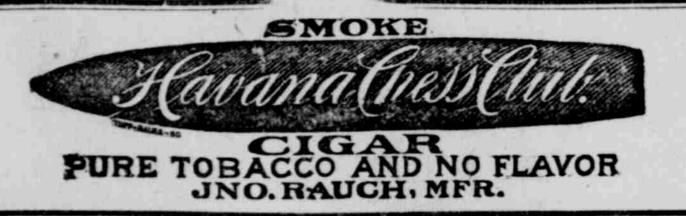


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DIAMOND SALE A SPECIALTY.

Story of a Japanese Who Became General and Governor.

Tolentono, the Barber's Son, Twice Chosen to Rule the Mexican State of Jalisco-A Unique Figure.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Few people north of the Rio Grande have heard of Tolentono, the Japanese General of Mexico, whose influence has been felt for years throughout the Mexican republic and whose sword has been drawn scores of times in defense of the Mexican government. Honored wherever he is known, respected and venerated by the common people, he is passing his last days in the quaint old Mexican city of Guadalajara. His life has been an eventful one, colored by the glamour of romance and full of exciting episodes on many a battlefield. Twice he has been chosen Governor of the Mexican State of Jalisco and now he is waiting the end which will come for him as an honored she has devised for concealing a blot or

Although he has led the armies of Mexico and has been elevated to the highest civic post beneath that of President of the republic, General Tolentono is a Japanese, the son of an adventurous barber who was cast upon the Mexican shore in a storm. With every chance against him, the Japanese barber's son has won distinction as great as if he was of the most favored of His progress was so gradual that when

the climax came all Mexico talked of the strange Japanese general, whose bravery on the field had won him honors and whose confidence of the leaders of the republic. Who he was and where he came from were queries in everybody's mouth, but the Japanese general was not inclined to tell his story. He was a general of the republic and Covernor of one of the States

republic and Governor of one of the States of Mexico. That was enough for others to know, and if people chose to call him the Japanese general that was their affair and not his. There was one very important reason for his reticence. Mexico has a law which disqualifies foreigners, even when nauralized, from holding the position of Governor of any of the Mexican States. That law would very readily explain the Japanese general's disinclination to talk of himself or of his parentage. Those with whom he mingled in official and military life knew nothing of him except through sources independent of himself.

HIS EARLY LIFE. There are so many stories about his origin and early life that it is hard to sift from them all the exact truth, but behind them all there is one fact which cannot be denied. He is a Japanese, with all the Those who are in every way qualified to judge and who have no reason to deceive, be known of the Japanese general. They have talked with him and watched his movements, and they do not hesitate to say that he is undeniably a Japanese.

It is safe to say that there is not now another living character in Mexico around whose early life so many romantic stories have been wowen.

whose early life so many romantic stories have been woven. On the sea coast the fishermen and hunters will tell you that the great general was cast ashore from a wreck. They will tell you of a Japanese vessel, which many years ago battled with the elements on the Pacific shore of Mexico. The only ones saved of those on board were a Japanese barber, his wife and their child, who had been born a few days before on board the ship.

They were cared for by the fishermen, and when able to move journeyed into the interior. They settled in one of the smaller villages near the capital. The father took villages near the capital. The father took up his trade of barber and there the story ends so far as the life of the Japanese gen-

Still another version of the wreck is given by the people on the coast, and repeated by those who live near the splendid home which the Japanese general now owns and occupies. It is that the general was born a few days after the wretched barber and his wife were cast upon the shore. This story makes it appear that the general is a native of Mexico and legally entitled to all the honors he has won. Not satisfied with two legends of his origin, the people of Mexico have made current a third. The story of the wreck is there, but the Japanese barber who struggled ashore had neither wife nor son. He left for the interior as soon as he was able. Traveling from place to place as best he could he learned the language, established himself among the people of one of the villages and married a Mexican woman. The issue of their union was the Japanese

general, whose history and personality possess an undoubted fascination for the people of the republic These stories are all which have a coloring more or less legendary in connection with the Japanese general. What else is known of him is fact, and it is upon that hasis that he is known become basis that he is known beyond question to be a Japanese. His father was a Japanese, who lived in one the villages near the capital city of Mexico, and earned his liveliood as a barber. His son was destined for a military life, and as soon as the barber could lay aside money enough the boy was sent to a military school in the City of

The young man attracted no particular attention by his looks, or; if he did, no comment was made. He was unusually tall for a Japanese, but had the brown complex-ion, dark hair, small dark eyes and prominent cheek bones of the Japanese. MAKING HIS WAY.

He acquitted himself well at the military school and rose rapidly in the army, but not until a few years ago was he elevated to the rank of general. Then people began to talk about the strange man about whom so little was known. Those who knew the Japaneses barber and his son did not keep their secret long, and it was but a short time before the Japaneses general had become one of the most unique figures in the public history of Mexico.

When the general returned to his adopted city of Guadalajara he was practically the only candidate in the field for Governor of the State of Jalisco. He was elected without opposition, and served with such distinction that at the expiration of his term he was re-elected. That concluded his public life, and he now lives in practical retirement. He married a Mexican woman and has a family. He is extremely wealthy and passes his time between his farm and the city of Guadalajara. For six days in the week he may be found in his country seat, but every Sunday he returns to his home in the city. He has adapted himself to the traditions and civilization of a country very unlike that in which his father was born. He is essentially a Mexican in politics and religion, and to speak of Gov. Tolentono is to invite praise for one of the most patriotic of Mexican citizens, with whose name is invariably linked the sobriquet of the Japanese general. Some time ago the Japanese consul of this city, Sutemi Chinda, was in the City of Mexico, and while there heard of the famous Japanese general of the Mexican republic. Naturally his interest and curiosity were excited, and he decided to go

to Guadalajara to investigate for himself. He was told something of the story of General Tolentono by Walter Wolmheim, who is now minister to Japan from Mexico. The stories told of the general's early life and parentage were repeated to him and he determined to sift the matter to the bottom himself. He went to Guadalajara and there met a man who had known Tolentono's father, who had lived with him in the little Mexi-

can village and who knew him to be a Japanese. The consul learned all the stories of the Governor's life from men who knew them from personal experience and not from hearsay. He pursued his investigations as far as possible and then visited the man in whom he felt so great In an instant he found the result of his investigations verified. The Japanese gen-

eral he found to be a dark-sainned, grayhaired, keen-eyed man, slightly above the medium height. His eyes are small and set like those of the Japanese. His cheek bones are prominent as are the subjects of the Mikado. His attitude and manner, derived from his race and never overcome in years of active iffe in a western land, are those of a Japanese. It was with them a meaningless resemblance. The consul is convinced that ex-Governor Tolentono is a General Tolentono knows very little of

WON FAME IN MEXICO | the Japanese language. He speaks of Ja-pan as an educated man might speak of MAGIC OF THE EAST

LITERARY BRUTALITY. Novelists Who Ridicule the Weaknesses of Their Characters.

Hartford Courant. In a recent publication one of the most popular and certainly the most brilliant of living authors has reviewed another author who is lately dead. The whole subject is so just, so true, so beautifully handled that many of us have for the first time a vision of the real Lowell, I mean those who have not read his "Letters" on which this review is founded. One observation the reviewer makes is that Lowell directed his humor against the ostentatiously rich man, the pretentious, the well-placed, who made himself obnoxious on account of purely external circumstances; but for the feeble, the weak,

the unfortunate he had no jest or jibe. One wonders after reading the word of Lowell, one of our greatest humorists, to find, when one turns the pages of certain well-known novels, the brutality with which good and kind people treat little personal peculiarities in others. For instance one author makes a certain character known to the reader by a habit she has contracted of smiling on one side of her mouth because she wishes to conceal some missing teeth. The woman is made as ridiculous by this gesture as she would be in the world were all the world as observant and as cruel as her creator. We know another of a minca flaw in her complexion, or a bold and prominent brow. The author succeeds per-fectly. We know the gesture, the bit of fume with which a hospitable hostess endeavors to conceal that she is her own helpmeet and has been preparing a feast with eagerness and pride for our consumption. We know the blue ribbon which we never can believe will not conceal a certain revealing line that is as tell-tale as a glimpse in a horse's mouth. But after we have realized these people is it not more human to cry than to laugh at the photographs? The device to conceal that one is no longer young, no longer beautiful; that one is doubtful of one's charm and ventures to try something else that will perhaps make up for the deficiency or rather the loss, for I suppose all of us are quite sure that we did pos-sess it-once. And is not this acknowlplease us, dear self-distrustful soul? You may be sternly moral in your ridicule and call it vanity, but what is this sort of vanity but an effort to be pleasing? And if it is a failure? If the little light veil, if the soft gauze wrapped about the throat, if the distorted smile or the wincing air do not succeed in softening us, what then? We may be sure as in literature so in life. These foolish transparent little attempts will serve to amuse the man or woman who is cruel and cold, but there are some of us to whom they will grow infinitely dear as a part of the gentle soul who af-fected them. We can't laugh at them lest she divine it and try to part with them. You remember, do you not, the little in-dividual ways of her—and her? Would you know her in heaven itself without that small preliminary cough, the little back-ward glance to see if all is right as she floats in the room? It pleased lots of peo-ple when she was a girl, that gliding movement. And woe to you and woe to me if it falls to please us. There are people in

### JERRY SIMPSON AND THE EEL. A Game Catch That Whipped a Dog

this world who are so childlike, so simple,

and Got Back Into the Water. Kansas City Times. "Do any of you gentlemen like to fish?" askd Jerry Simpson from behind his gold-bowed glasses. "I am passionately fond of angling as a pastime. I can't say I fish as Amos Cummings and some of the other

Izaak Waltons of the House. I heard Cummings talking the other day to a fishing friend, and they mentioned as among part of their tackle such things as black-bass neckties and weak-fish pants and tarpon sults. When people go in that far they get beyond my depth.

"Still, in a lowly, common way, I like to fish. The last time I essayed this gentle sport was out on the Walnut river, in Kan-

sas. A colored person showed me the place. It was a sublime place. I cut a pole right there among the plum bushes. It was a splendid pole, big as my arm at the butt, and strong enough so you could have landed a cow with it if one had bit. I balted, under the guidance of the colored person, with a piece of liver. The line was accoutred with a red bob or float. The mission of this float, as I will explain to inexperienced people, is to apprise one when there is a bite. That is its mission. It lies in the water and you watch it. When it moves about uneasily that isn't a bite. That's a nibble. You don't do anything when you have a nibble. When the bob goes clear under water that's a bite, and you sock it to him. "Some people like to fool with a fish and let him tow around on their lines and run

and fillbuster and make no-quorum points

and think he's getting away. I don't do that way. I'm a plain man. I am perfectly frank with fish and don't believe in raising false hopes, even in the bosom of a bass. So I simply yank 'em forth unhesitatingly and give 'em the worst at once. "After awhile, this time on the Walnut, I had a bite. The float disappeared like the surplus during the Harrison administration. I let him have it. It was an eel. I fetched him through the atmosphere looking like a letter S and slammed him against the great State of Kansas. It was a jolt which ought to have loosened every tooth in his head. "I want to pause right here to say that, talking about game fish, an eel is the gamest fish that ever lived. Talk about black done if I'd smashed him against my district that way? Well, he wouldn't have done anything. He'd just sprawl there. Maybe he'd curl his tail a trifle, but that's the limit. But this eel of mine. He surely was the galaest eel I ever met. He sprang up the moment he hit the grass and made for the water on the run-pole, line and all. And game! When I headed him off that eel stood right up on his tail and fought me. The colored person had a dog named Body Guard. Dog had a record, too. He got on

the war path once and closed every store "We sicked Body Guard on the eel. My eel whipped him in two and a half minutes. He was the gamiest eel ever known. No. I didn't get him, either. He went back in the Walnut, where he lived. You might as well have tried to stop the Senate."

### BOOKS THAT MUST BE READ. James Russell Lowell Names the Five

Indispensable Authors. December Century. There are certain books which it is necessary to read; but they are very few. Looking at the matter from an esthetic point of view merely, I should say that thus far only one man had been able to use types so universal, and to draw figures so cosmopolitan, that they are equally true in all languages and equally acceptable to the whole Indo-European branch, at least, of the human family. That man is Homer, and there needs, it seems to me, no further proof of his individual existence than this very fact of the solitary unapproachableness of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." The more wonderful they are, the more likely to be the work of one person. Nowhere is the purely natural man presented to us so nobly and sincerely as in these poems, Not far below these I should place the "Divina Commedia" of Dante, in which the history of the spiritual man is sketched with equal command of material and grandeur of outline. Don Quixote stands upon the same level, and receives the same universal appreciation. Here we have the spiritual and the natural man set before us in humorous contrast. In the knight and his squire Cervantes has typified the two opposing poles of our dual nature-the imagination and the understanding as they appear in contradiction. This is the only comprehensive satire ever written, for it is utterly independent of time, place, and Faust gives us the natural history of the human intellect, Mephistopheles being merely the projected impersonation of that skepticism which is the invariable result of a purely intellectual culture. These four books are the only ones in which universal facts of human nature and experience are ideally represented. They can therefore never be displaced. I have not mentioned Shakspeare, because his works come under a different category. Though they mark the very highest level

so to speak, rather than actually, through the sympathy of our common nature and not of our experience. A straight line drawn from the source of the river Jordan to its mouth would be

about 136 miles long.

of human genius, they yet represent no

special epoch in the history of the individ-ual mind. The man of Shakspeare is al-ways the man of actual life as he is acted

upon by the worlds of sense and of spirit

under certain definite conditions. We all

of us may be in the position of "Macbeth"

or "Othello" or "Hamlet," and we appre-

ciate their sayings and deeds potentially,

Natural Forces That Have Eluded the Grasp of Western Scientis's.

Tricks of Eastern Adepts Are the Result of Advanced Knowledge-Care with Which Secrets Are Guarded.

In commenting upon the change that has scientific reasoners in their attitude toward the consideration of the stories of Eastern magic, Heinrich Hensoldt, Ph. D., says in

"They appear quite interested in the sub-ject, having come to recognize that there may be such things as natural forces, or substances, on this planet of ours, which have, as yet, eluded the grasp of Western science—forces which our chemists and physicians can neither gauge, weigh nor measure; and that there is a possibility that among a subtle race like the Hindoos which is immeasurably older in civilization and experience than our own, some of these forces may have been discovered, even thousands of years ago, and preserved among the wisest of its representatives, who, in consequence of such knowledge, can perform feats which to our limited understanding are perfectly miraculous.
"It would seem as if the Hindoos, owing to that intense love for solitary meditation had acquired mental faculties of which we as a race, are totally deficient. We have abundant evidence of the fact that one nation may acquire mental traits, dispositions, or talents in which another is utterly deficient. There are latent powers man which are susceptible of the highest culture, and it is more than probable that a faculty once aroused and persistently exercised for a number of generations may develop into a permanent characteristic." Dr. Hensoldt then mentions that the ancient Greeks, as a nation, had wonderful talent for plastic art, the Egyptians the construction instinct; the Chinese for book learning; the Italians for music and cos-

"It would seem as if among the Hindoos speculative philosophy had been the ruling most entirely upon intuition, viz., upon the cultivation of certain mysterious innate faculties, which are presumed to lie dormant even in the breast of the savage. While our forefathers, driven partly by the exigencies of an inhospitable climate, were chiefly engaged in establishing a material prosperity—thereby unconsciously stimulating acquisitive or accumulative faculty, and transmitting to us the desire for wealth as a rooted instinct—the Hindcos have descended into the abysmal depths of their own consciousness and have tried to solve the great world riddle by mere force of meditation. Whether they have accomplished much in this way I will not attempt here much nearer to the truth than we, with our endless empiricism and experimental tor-turing of matter. But if they have not succeeded in solving any great fundamental problem, they have discovered a number of strange facts of which we are practically

DISCOVERIES OF HYPNOTISM. even in their eccentricities that to offend them is a serious thing. "One of their earliest triumphs in the direction was the discovery and application of that strange psychic force known to us as hypnotism. We have only just begun to realize that there is such a force, and are on the threshold, as it were, of a dominion which is as boundless as it is marvelous; but the discoveries which we are making to-day were made ages ago by the Sanscritic Indians and Iranians, and while our knowledge of the subject is chiefly derived from, or based upon the experiments of a few investigators during recent years, the Hindoos have the experience of at least fifty centuries behind them." Dr. Hensoldt says the results of hypnotic experiments in the West are as mere child's play to the feats achieved by Eastern adepts.
"For there can be little doubt that the performances of Hindoo conjurors have their source in an advanced knowledge and application of hypnotic phenomena. In stating this opinion I do not, for a moment, wish it to be understood that the term 'hypnotic phenomena' contains in itself an explanation or affords any kind of clew to the secret of these marvels. We have not as yet the slightest knowledge of what hypnotism really is; to all intents and purposes it is an occuit force, and to say of

an apparent miracle that it is worked through hypnotic influences does not de-tract from its marvelous character. If the brain of another can make me see, hear, feel and taste things which either do not exist at all or are in reality quite different from what I imagine them to be, it only renders the phenomena more mysterious And it would really seem as if Hindoo adepts had brought hypnotism to such a degree of perfection that while under its influence our senses are no longer a criterion of the reality around us, but car be made to deceive us in a manner that is perfectly amazing. As it has been my fate to travel in India, Thibet, Burmah and Ceylon for a number of years, and as I have made a somewhat close study of Oriental life, history and philosophy, I may, perhaps, be qualified to advance an opinion on this subject." on this subject." Dr. Hensoldt, before he relates his ex-perience, describes the great secrecy with which each caste guards its peculiar

tricks, the members of one order always performing the same trick. "The Hindoo Pundits, Yoghis and Rishis exhibit their astounding feats in broad daylight-not in halls or on platforms, but the streets, gardens and public squares of India's great cities. They usually work alone, permitting the spectators to approach them very closely and to surround them completely. They appear half naked and if they make use of apparatus at all it consists merely of one or two commonplace objects, such as a couple of short sticks and half a cocoanut shell. But with these they will do things which are perfectly marvelous.

FEATS OF THE FAKIRS.

"The lowest class of conjurors are cer-

tain fakirs, whose performances one can witness daily in the streets of Calcutta, Delhi, Hyderabad and other Indian cities. They perform tricks which are insignifi-

cant compared with some of those of the higher orders, yet are marvelous enough to cause extreme surpise even in those who have seen the cleverest jugglery in Europe or America. These tricks give at once the impression that some totally different principle is at work behind them than the mere legerdemain or substitution trickery of our Western specialists. "For instance, a fakir will take a large dish, pour into it about a gallon of water, and hold it steady in his left hand, the other hand being raised to his forehead. Then the vessel will diminish in size while you look on, growing smaller and smaller, so that at last it would take a magnifying glass to recognize it. Then it disappears completely. This will occupy about a min-ute and a half. Suddenly you see again a tiny brown object, not bigger than a sand grain; this enlarges in the most inexplicable manner, till, at the end of another minute, the original dish, a foot in diame ter, filled with water to the brim and weighing at least fifteen pounds, is again before you." Dr. Hensoldt says he has seen this trick performed a number of times. Also the fakir to hold half of a cocoanut out in the air and let go of it, leaving the shell held rigid in the air without support. He said he saw another fakir hold half of a cocoanut high above his head with his naked arm and pour out enough water to fill a dozen buckets. Dr. Hensoldt says there are thousands of Pundits in India who are not jugglers, but those who are of the class of the fakir, making their living from it, differing from the Yoghis and Rishis, who accept no money. The Pundits are men highly educated who make a specialty of suspending the law of gravitation, so to speak. Dr. Hensoldt relates instances when he saw them control the weight of an object which they told a spectator to lift-making it heavy or light at pleasure. He goes on: "I now come to the highest order of Oriental magicians, viz., the Yoghis and Rishis. The performances of these men are so very strange that the term 'tricks' seems altogether incongruous, if applied to them. We might as well call the miracles recorded in the New Testament as worked by Christ 'tricks,' for, except that of raising the dead, not one of them is half so wonderful as the feats performed by the average Yoghi. Those who believe that the age of miracles is past should by all means go to India. The Yoghis are not professional conjurers. They do not make their living by performing tricks before crowds or audiences of any kind, nor do we find them exhibiting their wonderful powers very frequently. In my opinion, they are religious enthusiasts in the first instance, and adepts of a higher

science in the second. They certainly are esoteric initiates, that is to say, members

meditation, or rather the fruits thereof, handed down perhaps from a time which we would fain call prehistoric.

THEIR MISSIONARY WORK. "I have never known a Yoghi to accept money, either before or after a performance. 1 myself have repeatedly tempted them, but it was always refused, kindly but firmly. They live on rice, which they obtain in precisely the same manner as the Buddhist priests, viz., by begging. They are, in fact, traveling missionaries; at least, the Yhogis are, while the Rishis are hermits, who live in the jungle or the hill country in solitary huts and caverns, which they quit comparatively seldom, to carry mysterious messages to the outer world These quiet, unobtrusive men, with their flect the wisdom of a thousand years-actu-

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ally obtain their food by begging. This may seem incredible, but it is true. The reader may be naturally inclined to ask: Why don't some of them go to Europe or the United States, and by exhibiting their powers make fortunes? These men are beyond the desire of making fortunes-something which it may be difficult for Americans to realize. They look upon the brief span of life which separates us from eternity with altogether different eyes, and their contempt of wealth is only equaled by their pity for those who are incessantly engaged in its pursuit. "These men have a mission to perform in their own country, and, like the prophets of old, they work miracles in order to arrest

the attention of the people. The miracles, in fact, are their credentials. Dr. Hensoldt next described the mango feat, which he said he had witnessed five times in various parts of India. It consists of a Yoghi or Rishi planting a mango on the earth in an open square, before an audience of from three hundred to one thousand, who gather about him closely, and in three or four minutes making a mango tree from forty to one hundred feet in height appear bearing fruit. In all cases but one, when the Doctor changed his position, going near or further from the point he was standing, the image became dull and finally disappeared. But when the Rishi had performed the feat Dr. Hensoldt found that the tree retained its realism until he approached the

Dr. Hensoldt declares that he has seen the celebrated "rope trick" performed on four diffrent occasions, and closes by saying that "the earliest cradle of our race and civilization, Hindostan, still holds the key to ity of our best reasoners for ages to come."

A NEW MONKEY.

#### He Is a Neat, Well Behaved and Beautiful Animal.

December St. Nicholas. Monkeys, as a rule—certainly as we in America know them—are not distinguished for good manners, beauty or tidiness, and for good manners, beauty or tidiness, and surely not for elegance or grace. Yet now we have a new species to consider; a monkey possessed of all these good qualities, yet playful and active as any of its frisky kindred. For its introduction we are indebted to Dr. Abbott, of Philadelphia, who discovered it recently at Mount Kilima-Njaro, in the eastern part of equatorial Africa, and brought back to America fine specimens. Not only are these ca fine specimens. Not only are these monkeys neat, quiet and well-behaved, but they are among the most beautiful of animals, and they are said to take the greatest care not to soil or to injure the beautiful coat of long hair with which they are adorned. The drapery of silky, silveryalong the sides of the body and meets over along the sides of the body and meets over the lower part of the back. When the animal springs swiftly from one bough to another the floating of this beautiful mantle gives it the appearance of being winged. The chin, throat, temples, sides of the head and a band above the eyes are also white; the rest of the body is covered with soft, glossy, jet-black fur. The tail, which is unrivaled by that of any other monkey in the world, is fringed with pure white hair that glistens like spun glass, white hair that glistens like spun glass, and the hair gradually increases in length as it approaches the tip, where it droops like a festoon of silvery grasses.

The five brought here by Dr. Abbott and presented to the Smithsonian Institution

are with one exception, it is believed, the only specimens that have ever been seen outside the native home of the animal. The caudatus, as this species has been named, belongs to a remarkable genus of so-called thumbless monkeys which have inthe last ten years furnished millions of victims to the goddess Fashion. Their beautiful skins have been so greatly in demand for robes, capes and muffs that the whole race is in danger of extinction. The species most valued for this purpose is Colobus guereza of Abyssinia, a species nearly related to the caudatus and resembling it considerably, though not nearly so beautiful.

ABOUT INTRODUCTIONS.

It Isn't at All English to Introduce People, but It Is Courteons.

New York Recorder. Is it the proper thing to introduce persons to each other, is a question so often asked of late that one cannot help feeling that the theme is one of general interest. If we were in England a monosyllable of negation would answer the question fully, for there introductions are not in order. But we are in cordial, friendly America, and why should we ape English customs, especially those which spring from an older, colder civilization, and do not in the least suit the more youthful spontaneity of our

All hosts and hostesses wish their entertainments to be enjoyable, but how can they be if such of the company as are strangers to each other must sit in unsocial stillness, How much more agreeable the occasion will be if the ice of silence is broken by just a few words-"Let me introduce Mr. So-and-So." The reserved guest becomes at once stream of pleasure flows onward smoothly till the departing participators say "good-bye" with some reality in their polite part-ing words: "Such a delightful time, so sociable and pleasant."

Perhaps some of the travelers who have partaken of our ready hospitality at houses where introductions are the rule have drawn comparisons in our favor, for several articles condemning the omission of introdutions have lately been contributed to English papers. "It is not unusual," says one society journal, "to see a number of well-dressed, well-bred women sitting or standing about silent and mortified for half an evening at some large function, simply because they may be strangers in that town

The custom of introductions is one that should not be allowed to die out. It may be overdone sometimes, but in one's own house, as in the house of a friend, it is not likely to be. Fashion should not control the matter. It should be looked at as a natural outgrowth of true kindness, good breeding and the courtesy that we owe to each other and should dare to practice openly, even if foreigners sometimes laugh and call us

The Way Princeton Rejoiced. Richard Harding Davis, in Harper's Week-

People who live far away from New York and who cannot understand from the faint echoes they receive how great is the enthusiasm that this contest arouses, may possibly get some idea of what it means to the contestants themselves through the story of a remarkable incident which occurred after the game in the Princeton dressing room. The team were being rubbed down for the last time after their three months of self-denial, and anxiety, and the hardest and roughest sort of rough work that young men are called upon to do, and outside in the semi-darkness thousands o Princeton followers were jumping up and down, and hugging each other and shrieking themselves hoarse.

One of the Princeton coaches came into the room out of this mob, and holding up his arm for silence, said, "Boys, I want you to sing the doxology." And standing as they were, naked and covered with mud and blood and perspiration, the eleven men who had won the championship sang the doxology from beginning to end as solemnly and as seriously, and, I am sure, as sincerely, as they ever did in their lives, while outside the no less thankful fellow-stu-dents yelled and cheered, and beat at the foors and howled for them to come out and show themselves. This may strike some people as a very sacrilegious performance. and as a most improper one, but the spirit in which it was done has a great deal to do with the question, and anyone who has seen a defeated team lying on the benches of their dressing room sobbing like hysterical school girls, can understand how great and how serious is the joy of victory to the men who conquer.

Never Saw Snow.

Washington Post. "Four years ago to-day," said Represent-ative Geary, of California, yesterday, "I landed in Washington and saw snow under foot for the first time. I have six children at home and they will see their first snow to-day. Now I am on my way to a toy house to buy them each a sled." He was cautioned, if he wanted to retain of a fraternity which seem to have in its the respect of his offspring, to get sleds charge the secrets of Hindoo thought and with round steel shoes.